LEARN ONE THING EVERY DAY

SEPTEMBER 15 1920

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Cook County, Illinois

THE MENTOR

Literary Landmarks of New York

By
ARTHUR B. MAURICE

DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

VOLUME 8
NUMBER 15

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

MANAHATTA

By WALT WHITMAN

I was asking for something specific and perfect for my city,
Whereupon, lo! up sprang the aboriginal name.
Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient,
I see that the word of my city is that word from of old,
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays, superb,
Rich, hemm'd thick all around with sailships and steamships, an island sixteen miles long, solid-founded.
Numberless crowded streets, high growths of iron, slender, strong, light, splendidly uprising toward clear skies,
Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, towards sundown,
The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger adjoining islands, the heights, the villas,
The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the lighters, the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers well-model'd.
The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business, the houses of business of the ship-merchants and money-brokers, the river-streets.
Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week.
The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of horses, the brown-faced sailors.
The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing clouds aloft,
The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in the river, passing along up or down with the flood-tide or ebb-tide.
The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-form'd, beautiful-faced, looking you straight in the eyes.
Trottoirs thronged, vehicles, Broadway, the women, the shops and shows,
A million people,—manners free and superb—open voices—hospitality—the most courageous and friendly young men,
City of hurried and sparkling waters! City of spires and masts!
City nested in bays! my city!

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THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE
SERIAL NUMBER 211

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

By ARTHUR B. MAURICE

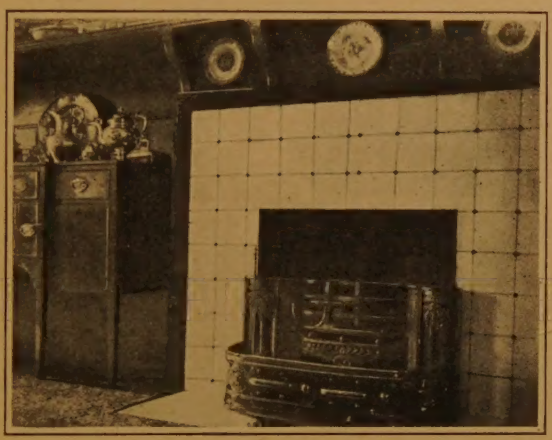
Author of "The New York of the Novelists," "Fifth Avenue," et cetera

MENTOR GRAVURES

THE POE COTTAGE

NUMBER SEVEN STATE STREET

IN OLD GREENWICH VILLAGE



THE FIREPLACE IN THE TILE CLUB

Before whose friendly blaze Colonel Carter of Cartersville warmed the cockles of his inspiration in F. Hopkinson Smith's delightful tale of the Virginian Don Quixote and his chivalric schemes

MENTOR GRAVURES

HOMES OF WASHINGTON IRVING AND O. HENRY

TWO FIFTH AVENUE LANDMARKS

SLEEPY HOLLOW ROAD

NEW YORK, seemingly always striding onward with seven league boots, gathering to itself today what yesterday was quiet countryland, undergoing transformations over night as startling and mysterious as the apparition of Aladdin's palace, nevertheless retains something of the flavor of the past in the landmarks associated with the lives of its men and women of letters, and with the people of their invention. It is a far cry from the tumultuous city of the present to the old town of Irving's Diedrich Knickerbocker, of the activities and aspirations of Paulding, Drake, and Halleck, of Philip Hone's pompous but entertaining "Diary," of Fenimore Cooper and his "Bread and Cheese" club, of the visits of Dickens and Thackeray, of Edgar Allan Poe's migrations, occasional excesses, and habitual privations. Yet even now it is given to us to gaze on the commemorative tablets that recall their association with certain structures, to tread the old streets that they knew; in a word, to walk in spirit with the

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ghosts of those long dead who contributed so much in the building up of the American literary tradition.

Nor is the trail of the literary landmark confined exclusively to the town that is gone. In prose and verse the newer city, the feverish metropolis of recent years, has had its interpreters. To them, also, the pilgrim of literary tastes must occasionally turn. It is not merely to the stones of London that knew Fielding and Hogarth, and Dr. Johnson, that the visitor of bookish tastes responds; nor even to that city of the early part of the nineteenth century associated with the novels of Bulwer, Thackeray, and Dickens, and the verse of Byron and the younger Tennyson. The streets of Paris played as much a part in the pages of Daudet, Zola, and De Maupassant, as they did in the vast structure of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine," or in the "Les Miserables" of Victor Hugo. In the history of a great city every decade has brought its new literary landmarks, and reverence for the past should not blind one entirely to the worthy achievement of the present. The amiable Irving loved his Knickerbocker village no better than the late O. Henry (William Sidney Porter) loved what he called his "City of Chameleon Changes," his "City of Too Many Caliphs," his "Noisyville by the Hudson," his "Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway."

PARK ROW AND PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE
Scene of the riot in Paul Leicester Ford's "Honorable Peter Stirling," and of other familiar incidents in American fiction

NUMBER FIFTY-NINE GROVE STREET
Associated with the last days of Thomas Paine

Lower Manhattan

Let the visitor begin the pilgrimage in Battery Park, thence making his way northward to Bowling Green and the beginning of what O. Henry has termed the "Big Canyons of the Money-Grubbers." The waters of the Bay, now churned by the paddle wheels of ferry boats and the screws of ocean-going steamers, were once the sedate waters celebrated by Cooper in his "Water-Witch." The southerly end of the Island was the site of "Fort Amsterdam," where, as narrated in Irving's "Knickerbocker History," William the Testy erected his windmills and Quaker cannon. Halleck, Drake, Willis, and Morris haunted the park, and the waters of the Bay, breaking

against the sea wall, moved Bayard Taylor to the writing of "The Waves." Facing the park, at No. 17 State Street, was the home of Washington Irving's older brother William—the Pindar Cockloft of "Salmagundi"—and his brother-in-law, James K. Paulding, who there wrote "The Backwoodsman." The house was a meeting-place for certain wits of the old town, who called themselves "The Nine Worthies," the "Lads of Kilkenny," and "The Ancients," and who sought a pastoral environment in the famous Cockloft Hall, which stood on the banks of the Passaic. Not far away, speaking in terms of the New York of the present, was that part of William Street known as Golden Hill, where Washington Irving was born (April 3, 1783), and where he spent his boyhood. Still nearer at hand was No. 3 Bridge Street, where Irving lived some years after his first residence abroad, in the home of his brother Eben, the "Captain Great-Heart" of the Cockloft revelries.

No. 7 State Street is today, and has been for many years, the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary. Even now, bearing the marks of decay, and half hidden as it is by the towering structures that surround it, it is an edifice that attracts and holds attention. To Henry Cuyler Bunner it was the direct inspiration of "The Story of a New York House," one of the most vivid and enduring of all the novels that have had their roots in the city's changing life. The least imaginative observer can reconstruct it mentally as a fitting mansion for a merchant prince of old Manhattan, and picture it as it was when Jacob Dolph the elder dwelt there in the early days of the nineteenth century, and from the pillared balcony which still distinguishes it, looked out over the glinting waters of the Upper Bay.

To revert to the Irving trail. When he was editing the *Analectic Magazine*, Irving was living opposite Bowling Green, at No. 16 Broadway. In Ann Street was Mrs. Kilmaster's school, where Irving studied, and at the northwest corner of Ann and William was the house in which he lived with his mother after his father's death. There he did his first writing, the sketches signed "Jonathan Oldstyle," and published in the "Morning Chronicle," and also there most of the "Knickerbocker History of New York" was written. In a part of the city that was then far uptown, at what is now Broadway and Leonard Street, was the house of Josiah Ogden Hoffman. There was played

THE HOUSE OF YELLOW BRICK
Pell Street

out the pretty but pathetic romance of Irving's life. Her name was Matilda Hoffman. Day by day Irving watched her grow weaker and weaker. After she died he never mentioned her name and could not bear to hear it spoken. Faithful to that memory of his youth he remained a bachelor till the end of his years. Another woman to be remembered whom Irving met in the Leonard Street house was the beautiful Jewess, Rebecca Gratz, Matilda's close friend and constant attendant. Long after Irving told her story to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and she became the Rebecca of "Ivanhoe."

THE HOME OF DOCTOR PETERS
In "The Midge" (Bunner), faces Washington Square

Where, at the corner of Broadway and Reade Street, the Stewart Building now stands, was Washington Hall, the headquarters of the "Bread and Cheese" club, where Fenimore Cooper was the dominating spirit, and where he displayed all the amiability of which he was capable, which was not any too much. Other literary men of the day who belonged to the club, which took its name from the fact that candidates were balloted for by bread and cheese, were Bryant, Halleck, Verplanck, Sands, Percival, and "Major Jack Downing." Another literary club of the time was the "Ugly Club" of which Halleck was a leading member, and which met in Ugly Hall, which was situated on the northeast corner of Broadway and Wall Street. The district between Ugly Hall and Washington Hall was the literary and artistic, as it was the fashionable, center of the old town that Irving and Cooper knew. On the site of the Woolworth Building was the home of the diarist, Philip Hone, who always had a seat at his mahogany for the famous and prosperous Irving, but never a word or a thought for the unfortunate Poe. The Park Row Building stands on the spot once occupied by the Park Row Theatre, the scene of the histrionic triumphs and jealousies of Edmund Kean, Charles Kemble, Tyrone Power, Ellen Tree, Emma Wheatley, Fanny Kemble, Clara Fisher, Junius Brutus Booth, J. W. Wallack, John and Charles Mason, and Charlotte

THE HOME OF PETER BREVOORT
At Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue was often visited by his intimate friend, Washington Irving. William Cullen Bryant referred to it as "a kind of palace in a garden"

Cushman. The pavement before it was almost the first of New York's Rialtos. There, too, the men of letters mingled with the Thespians, and after the last light of the playhouse had been turned out, the figure of Clarke, the "Mad Poet," might have been found asleep on one of the benches of the opposite park.

About Wall Street

Though not yet hallowed by the passage of time, there are scattered about the lower end of Manhattan landmarks associated with the lives and the books of latter-day-men and women of letters that must not be ignored. No need to go to India for the Kipling trail. It may be picked up at the West Street rails of the Belt Line, where, in the days of the horse-drawn car, Muldoon ("A Walking Delegate") learned to love the New York of his adoption. About where the Belt Line begins is the thirty-two-story Whitehall Building. It is on the spot of the old Reunion House, where Robert Louis Stevenson stayed at the time of his first visit to America in 1879, and which he described in "The Amateur Emigrant." No. 10 was the West Street number of the long vanished Reunion House, but something of the flavor of that Stevensonian environment may be had from a survey of the present No. 16.

FACING OLD-TIME RUTHERFORD SQUARE

Is this house of inviting design, which was used as a background for scenes in David Graham Phillips' "Old Wives for New"

Modern fiction has learned to sing of the utilitarians. The average novel of New York life is one that involves the making and the spending of much money, and for the former diversion the story spinner is in the habit of turning to Wall Street. Kipling touched it in "An Error in the Fourth Dimension." One of the very best short stories that has ever been written by an American is Edwin Lefevre's "The Woman and Her Bonds." No. 80 Broadway was the actual scene of that story. Go down to Old Slip

THE CASA NAPOLEON

On West Ninth Street was the meeting-place of many characters created by Thomas Janvier, and was the little restaurant to which Mr. Howells sent Ray (in "The World of Chance") during the young writer's first weeks in New York

and you will find the police station to which Colonel George Fairfax Carter, of Cartersville, Fairfax County, Virginia was haled for threatening violence to the broker Klutchem as related in F. Hopkinson Smith's "Colonel Carter's Christmas." A block or two away from the building, at the corner of Exchange Place and Hanover Street, the versatile author did business as Francis H. Smith, Constructing Engineer and Contractor.

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WASHINGTON SQUARE

Looking north toward the Washington Arch, and "the row of red brick houses that link the old New York with the new"

To the end of the nineteenth century, as well as to the beginning, belong the literary associations of Park Row. From his desk in the *Evening Sun* office, when that paper was being published in the building at the southeast corner of the Row and Spruce Street, that had once been the home of Tammany Hall, Richard Harding Davis went forth to find his Van Bibber. From the floor above, where the morning *Sun* hummed into being in the days when Charles A. Dana guided it, Edward W. Townsend started on an assignment that took him to the Brace Newsboys' Home on New Chambers Street; he came back with Chimmie Fadden. The same office served as the setting for Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Stolen Story."

Landmarks of the East Side

The first New York home of the first president of the United States was at the point directly under the Brooklyn Bridge, where Cherry Street now touches Pearl. It was described at great length in Gertrude Atherton's "The Conqueror,"—the story of Alexander Hamilton's life presented in the guise of fiction. Poe once lived at No. 195 East Broadway; Bayard Taylor worked in an iron foundry in Stanton Street between Lewis and Goerck; and Richard Henry Stoddard had, for a time, employment in Water Street. But the trail of the lower East Side is, in the main, the trail of the later writing men. The pilgrim, following it, may accompany Mr. Montague Glass's "Potash and Perlmutter" from the loft at No. 19 Lispenard Street, where those two ornaments of the cloak and suit trade first came upon the scene of fiction, eastward through the swarming

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MADISON SQUARE

The heart of innumerable stories by Richard Harding Davis, O. Henry, and other writers about New York and New Yorkers

ghetto to deposit their money in the Kosciuszko Bank, which is on East Grand Street; or journey to Batavia Street, which Mr. Rupert Hughes regards as the "most Dickensy street in New York," as he considers Allen Street the most horrible, describing both vigorously in "Empty Pockets"; or visit Pontin's restaurant in Franklin Street, which has been introduced into nearly every story of recent years touching upon the life about the Tombs Prison and the Criminal Courts; or go down to Chinatown to find in Pell Street "The House of Yellow Brick," and at No. 16 Mott Street, the opium joint of certain stories by Edward W. Townsend; or, in Norfolk Street, near Broome, inspect the "Great Synagogue of the Ghetto" associated with Abraham Cahan's "The Imported Bridegroom"; or to identify, in company with the spirit of O. Henry, the Blue Light Drug Store of "The Love Philtre of Ikey Schoenstein"; or the Cafe Maginnis of "The Social Triangle."

Washington Square and Greenwich Village

Poe's New York homes were many. When he returned from his residence in Philadelphia he lived with Virginia and her mother in a house on a high bluff beside a country road that is now Eighty-fourth Street. Then there was a stay in Amity Street, the West Third Street of the present; and thence he went to the Fordham Cottage where Virginia died. Cooper was another who lived in Greenwich Village, making his first city home in Beach Street, near Hudson, and there writing "The Pilot" and "Lionel Lincoln," and then, after his return from Europe settling for a time in Bleecker Street, near Thompson. The present 293 Bleecker Street is the site of the house where Thomas Paine, the author of "The Rights of Man," lived with Madame Bonneville, and around the next corner, at 59 Grove Street, is the house that has replaced the frame structure where he ended his days. Bret Harte, too, lived in the Village, in his boyhood, in a dwelling at Grove and Hudson Streets that later became the parish-house of St. Luke's. No. 92 Hudson Street

was William Cullen Bryant's abode when he began his career in New York journalism, and from there he moved to the adjacent Varick Street, just below Canal. In Charlton Street, east of Varick the numbers 34 to 38 indicate the site of the home of Aaron Burr, where Louis Philippe was entertained and also such writers as Talleyrand, Chateaubriand and Paine.

"OLD MUNICH"

On Third Avenue at Seventeenth Street, now known as Allaire's, was a favorite resort of O. Henry's, and was immortalized by him in "The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss," one of the most popular of his short stories.

On the north side of Washington Square, almost from Macdougall Street to University Place, there is a row of red brick houses with white stone trimmings that retains its flavor of aristocracy, linking the old New York with the new. It was the third house from the Fifth Avenue corner, to the west of the Arch, that Henry James used for the setting of his novel, "Washington Square." The author himself was born nearby, at No. 21 Washington Place. In the old University building which overlooked the Square from the eastern side Theodore Winthrop, who fell in one of the early battles of the Civil War, lived and wrote "Cecil Dreeme." Bayard Taylor lived on the Square, near the northwest corner, and just off the Square, in University Place, where he wrote the "Masque of the Gods," considered by him his best work. At one time Eighth Street, then better known as Clinton Place, had a literary flavor possessed by no other thoroughfare of the town. There was the first home of the Century Association, called by Thackeray "the best and most comfortable club in the world." At No. 20, Evert Augustus Duykinck lived and died. Anne Lynch (Mrs. Botta), the author of "The Battle of Life," lived in Clinton Place after she moved from the home in Waverley Place which her literary receptions had made famous. It was not so many years ago that Richard Watson Gilder, poet, civic reformer, and editor of the *Century*, was living in an old fashioned, vine covered, brick dwelling on the north side near Fifth Avenue. At No. 84 Paul du Chaillu wrote most of "Ivar the Viking." Nor should the white hotel at the corner be overlooked, for it was there, in the

NUMBER FIFTY-FIVE IRVING PLACE

O. Henry lived for a long time in the room directly above the bay window, and there wrote many of his incomparable tales of the "Big City of Razzle Dazzle"

THE TENTH STREET STUDIOS

In the center of this ancient row of dwellings, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, are the old studios associated with numerous tales of New York life, and with the careers of a notable group of American artists, including William Chase, John La Farge, and many others

LONGACRE SQUARE
In the heart of the city affectionately called by O. Henry, "Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway"

old-time novels of New York life, that visiting Englishmen usually descended during the sojourn in the city. Almost next door to this hotel, at 21 Fifth Avenue, was once the New York home of the creator of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn."

On the north side of Ninth Street was another home of Mrs. Botta, a home frequented by Poe's "Literati," and visited by Thackeray. At the northwest corner of Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue there is a striking looking house of greenish gray, with a garden. "A kind of palace in a garden" was the way that Bryant described it, when it was the residence of Irving's friend Brevoort. Incidentally, if you will follow the mansion along the side till you come to a little gate you will find the exact spot where Richard Harding Davis came upon his burglar. Then, along Ninth Street, continue to the numbers 19 and 21. Though changed considerably in outward aspect it is still something of a literary landmark, for there, until fifteen or twenty years ago was the little Franco-Spanish-American hotel where W. D. Howells so often dined, and which he touched upon in "A Hazard of New Fortunes." There Thomas A. Janvier lived and, calling it the Café Napoleon, made it the background of the adventures of the Efferati family.

In Tenth Street, well on the way towards Sixth Avenue, is the old Studio Building, the home of generations of painters, and the place where Henry T. Tuckerman wrote "The Criterion," and "The Book of the Artists." Directly across the street is No. 58. Once there was a 58½. A tunnel connected the sidewalk with a wooden structure in the rear. That structure was once Abbey's studio. It witnessed the harmless gayeties of the old Tile Club, a famous artistic organization of the New York of thirty-five or forty years ago. Best of all it was the home of F. Hopkinson Smith's Colonel Carter of Cartersville. There the Virginian Don Quixote toasted himself before the friendly fireplace, building dreams of the air line railway that was to provide some of the "very best families" of his native state with an outlet to the sea, and in the tunnel-like passageway he indulged in target practice in preparation for the impending duel with the broker Klutchem.

The Heart of O. Henry Land

If, among all the men and women of letters who have lived in New York and written about the city, the names of two were to be selected, the choice would almost certainly be Washington Irving and O. Henry—chronologically far apart. One hundred and twenty-seven years would be the span, for in New York Irving was born in 1783, and in New York William Sidney Porter died in 1910. Yet for the shrines most intimately connected with their memories footsteps inevitably turn to Irving Place, that

BRYANT PARK
The refuge of Lily Bart ("House of Mirth") at the close of her story

FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-SECOND STREET

Their passing throngs have many times been mirrored in modern American fiction

quaint thoroughfare, six blocks long, paralleling Fourth Avenue on the east. Beginning at Fourteenth Street, it ends its course against the iron palings of Gramercy Park. There are many edifices associated with our "first literary ambassador to Great Britain," as he was called. But there is just one "Irving House." Little changed today, it stands at the south-west corner of the Place and Seventeenth Street, an old world structure, with entrances on the two thoroughfares. It is a three-story house, with a long sheltered balcony overhanging the sidewalk, and a bay window looking north and west to Union Square. It was Irving's last city home. There, as the guest of his nephew, John T. Irving, the old writer stayed when, in the late forties, he came down from "Sunnyside," on the Hudson, where he had been established since 1833. One of his town delights was the Academy of Music, at the Fourteenth Street corner, then the pride of dramatic and operatic New York, now the home of the ubiquitous film.

Within half a block of the "Irving House" there is a dingy, four-story, brown stone dwelling. The number is 55. It was there that O. Henry lived when he was learning to read the heart of the "Big City of Razzle-Dazzle." Irving Place is the very center of O. Henry Land. In the immediate neighborhood are scenes associated with many of his best known stories. Diagonally across from No. 55, at the north-east corner of Eighteenth Street, there has been for years a saloon of quiet aspect and unusual respectability. O. Henry used its back room for "The Lost Blend." Just round the corner, at Third Avenue and Seventeenth Street, there is a restaurant and one-time beer-garden—the "Old Munich" of "The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss." For Chubb's Third Avenue Restaurant read Still's. The Hotel America, which is on the south side of Fifteenth Street, a few doors east of Fourth Avenue, went into the making of "The Gold That Glittered." A certain bench in Union Square, so definitely indicated that it can be confounded with no other bench in the Park, was the starting point of "Two Thanksgiving Day Gentlemen." Gramercy Park was introduced in a number of the tales, among them, "The Discounters of Money," and "The Merry Month of May." To Madison Square, a little farther away, we turn for "While the Auto Waits," "The Fifth Wheel," "Squaring the Circle" and "A Madison Square Arabian Night."

THE ROCKEFELLER HOUSE

At the corner of Fifty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, out of which grew James Lane Allen's "Heroine in Bronze"

There are in this neighborhood landmarks associated with many other novelists. In a house at the southeast corner of Seventeenth Street and Stuyvesant Square Bunner wrote "The Midge,"—that story so drenched with the flavor of the New York of the late seventies, in order to earn the money that enabled him to marry. In the same

house Richard Grant White lived, and William Dean Howells, when he was beginning "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and also Brander Matthews, who there wrote "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century." Over on West Twenty-second Street, in what was Chelsea Village, stood the old manor house in which Clement Moore, in December 1822, wrote "Twas the Night before Christmas"—a homely classic that will probably last as long as the language. On Fifteenth Street, on the north side near Union Square, there is a quaint building set far back from the pavement. It was one of R. W. Gilder's homes; there Charles De Kay wrote his Life of Barye, the sculptor, and there the Authors Club of New York was founded. In the old Westminster Hotel, that used to be on Sixteenth Street, Dickens stayed when he was in New York, and William Dean Howells wrote "The Landlord at Lion's Head." Thackeray's usual place of descent in the city was another vanished hostelry of the neighborhood, the Clarendon on Union Square, although he was also a frequent visitor at the home of the Baxter family, known as the "Brown House," on Second Avenue. Of all the quarters of the great city Greenwich Village, the vicinity of Washington Square, and this neighborhood about Irving Place are the richest in literary landmarks.

Trails to the North

In the scope afforded by a single number of The Mentor the literary landmarks in which the city is so rich must be indicated briefly. A full and adequate description would call for several volumes. Again and again in the roads to the north, we pick up the trail of the writers of the early half of the nineteenth century, who liked to leave the turmoil of the town behind for what was then the pleasant countryside; and the trail, also, of the men and women whose business it has been to reflect in the printed page the new city of stone and brick and rattling "L" road overhead and thundering subways beneath. Go up to what is now East River Park, at Eighty-eighth Street. There, in a frame building overlooking Hell Gate one of the early Astors kept a kind of bachelor's hall, and there Irving wrote "Astoria," and knew the Captain Bonneville of the "Adventures." Across the island facing the Hudson, near 155th Street, was the "Minniesland," which Audubon named in honor of his wife. The city has not yet caught up with the end of the trail, which reaches up to the Sleepy Hollow of Irving's "Legend"; and beyond, to the Catskills, where Rip Van Winkle came upon the ghostly men of Henrik Hudson at their game of bowls.

"MINNIESLAND"

The home built by the great naturalist, author and artist, John James Audubon, near 155th Street and Riverside Drive. Here he died in 1851

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS *By Arthur B. Maurice*

LITERARY NEW YORK - *By C. Hemstreet**

THE NEW NEW YORK - *By J. C. Van Dyke**

THE BOOK OF NEW YORK, *By Robert Shackleton*

A LOITERER IN NEW YORK *By H. W. Henderson*

BROADWAY - - - - *By J. B. Kerfoot*

GREENWICH VILLAGE - *By Anna A. Chapin*

HISTORICAL GUIDE TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Edited by the City History Club

*Out of print, but may be found in libraries.

*** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

Look for the next number of The Mentor. It will be bigger in size, broader in scope, and more beautiful in form. The Mentor is now a member of the group of magazines issued by the Crowell Publishing Company—which includes The Woman's Home Companion, American Magazine, Collier's, The National Weekly, and Farm and Fireside. This means the opening of a new and important chapter in the Mentor history—it means that The Mentor will give a double measure of service and satisfaction to you.

★ ★ ★

At the beginning, seven years ago, The Mentor struck a new note in periodical publishing—the development of a popular interest in Art, Travel, Nature, History, Literature and Science. In its very first year it found a responsive echo in the hearts of thousands of readers who were eager to interest themselves in the vital and inspiring things of life. Many of this large assembly of readers called "The Mentor Association," have been with us since the beginning, and have followed The Mentor closely through the years. Some have told us what The Mentor has meant to them during those years—that it has become "a vital part of their mental existence," and that they welcome it as they would an interesting and helpful friend in the home. Letters of this sort have been an inspiration to us, and have made the work a thousand-fold worth while.

★ ★ ★

In a spirit of return interest we have long wanted to give our readers more of the good things that The Mentor offers—more, and MORE, and MORE. Now the opportunity is here—for us and for you. The entrance of The Mentor into the group of magazines issued by The Crowell Publishing Company introduces us at once to a vastly enlarged field of operation in which we shall enjoy the material advantages that a large publishing concern can give. The benefits of this association begin with the October number. Here you will find a Mentor with double the former number of pages—virtually two Mentors in one—and with an abundance of delightful reading matter, varied in character, and illustrated with many exquisite pictures. A notable art feature of the new and enlarged Mentor will be a sixteen-page form of beautiful illustrations printed in fine-art gravure, sepia tone.

★ ★ ★

The Mentor will be issued once a month, and it will be broader in scope and more varied in interest than was possible within the limits imposed by the conditions of the past. One feature in particular we mean to develop materially—the Mentor Service. A very profitable and enjoyable part of our editorial activities has been in our daily mail. Readers have discussed interesting questions or made valuable suggestions—and the correspondence has often been such as would have delighted and profited all of our readers. The Mentor Service has developed into a wonderful personal relationship between readers and editor. We shall, as soon as practical, devote space to our correspondence service, and give the best fruits of it to all our readers.

In picture, text and service, future numbers of The Mentor will furnish forth a full and rich measure of interesting, worth-while, and beautiful things.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

RIGHT, KEYSTONE VIEW CO., N. Y.

HOMES OF WASHINGTON IRVING AND O. HENRY, IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK

IRVING HOUSE AT NEAR CORNER O. HENRY LODGED IN THE THIRD HOUSE BEYOND THE CORNER

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

The New York of O. Henry

FOUR

O HENRY (William Sidney Porter) turned to New York as the city in which to carve out a career, in 1902. He died in New York in 1910. Those eight years were the years of his greatest production, the years in which he wrote most of the short stories that have made his name world famous. And not only were these stories written in New York, but two-thirds of them were about New York, drawing direct inspiration from a city street or square, a fine house on one of the aristocratic avenues, a tenement of the East Side, a studio in Greenwich Village, or the counter of a big department store.

Born in Greensboro, Guilford County, North Carolina, September 11, 1862, the buffetings of fortune carried William Sidney Porter to Texas, New Orleans, Central America, and Pittsburgh, before he definitely cast in his lot with what he liked to call his "Big City of Razzle-Dazzle," or "Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway." His knowledge of American life, of which he was to make such brilliant use, was due not only to his wanderings, but also to the variety of his occupations. He worked as a clerk in a drug store; he was a ranchman; he edited a newspaper, *The Rolling Stone*; he was employed in a bank. With his days in New Orleans were associated his first ventures in the writing of short stories, and it was in New Orleans that he adopted the pseudonym of O. Henry.

In the course of his travels he had found cities that were to his liking; cities that he frankly detested; and cities to which he was indifferent. But New York was the city of his love.

Loving the city as a whole, he was particularly fond of certain sections, bits of Greenwich Village, the Bowery by night, Washington Square, Union Square, Madison Square, and the white lights of Broadway. But above all his heart was with that quarter of which Irving Place is the center, a quarter that is the scene of so many of his best tales. "The Lost Blend," "The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss," "The Gold that Glitters," "The Discounters of Money," and "The Marry Month of May" belong to this neighborhood.

On Irving Place, at No. 55, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets, on the west side of the way, was the New York home most closely associated with his memory. No modern writer has interpreted the town as O. Henry interpreted it.

Within one hundred feet of the O. Henry house, at the southwest corner of Seventeenth Street, is the structure that knew Irving so well in his last visits to the city in the middle of the nineteenth century. Irving and Porter are the two famous literary ghosts of Irving Place.

Two visions beckon the visitor to the little thoroughfare, six blocks long, that stretches from Fourteenth Street to the southerly railing of Gramercy Park—the memory of the sedate old-world town of the Diedrich Knickerbocker History, and the image of the turbulent, swiftly moving, chameleon-like New York whose soul has been so vividly reflected in the stories that make up "The Four Million," "Whirligigs," "The Trimmed Lamp," "Options," and "Sixes and Sevens."

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LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue in Fiction

FIVE

MARK TWAIN, sturdy apostle of sound common sense and of sincerity in work and life—who ever turned the sharpest edge of his satire against sham—lived in New York nearly next door to the historic old Brevoort Hotel—where the *poseurs* of Greenwich Village studios and apartments congregate. Diagonally opposite the former residence of Mark Twain, at Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street, is the square gray mansion of Peter Brevoort, host in his time of many of New York's literary lions.

Numberless books written in recent years are concerned with the region of the great hotels and clubs in that part of Fifth Avenue that sweeps up from Madison Square to the Plaza, and beyond along the east side of Central Park. This is the part of New York that Robert W. Chambers has interpreted in half a score of successful novels.

The tall tower of Madison Square Garden has afforded inspiration, which a number of our writers have used with felicity. The tower is one of the staple subjects of conversation of Richard Harding Davis' heroes and heroines, when they happen to be in any place sufficiently distant from New York. The hero of one of Brander Matthews' "Vignettes of Manhattan" pointed out of Delmonico's window—when Delmonico's was at Twenty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue—and confessed to his companion that he would die if he were out of sight of that tower.

Two blocks farther up the Avenue is the "Berkeley Flats" described by Richard Harding Davis in his irresistible story, "Her First Appearance." The apartment of Carruthers must have been in one of the upper stories of the building, for Mr. Davis speaks of Van Bibber looking out through the window and down upon the lights of Madison Square. This story was written by Mr. Davis in Twenty-eighth Street, only a stone's throw from "The Berkeley." Just off the Avenue, in East Twenty-ninth Street, is the Church of the Transfiguration, known far and wide as "The Little Church Around the Corner." It was there that Van Bibber, acting as Best Man, escorted the young eloping couple whom he had found dining on the terrace at the Hotel Martin.

Among our modern story-writers none has interpreted better a phase of the restless, shifting life of New York than Rupert Hughes. The opening paragraph of his novel, "What Will People Say?", shows Fifth Avenue at flood tide, either at the Thirty-fourth Street or Forty-second Street corners. In the course of a few hundred words we are at Fifty-first Street, looking upon the "affable gray cathedral." By page eight we have seen Fifty-seventh Street, Broadway, and Riverside Drive. Longacre Square steps into view on page fifteen, where the *Times* Building stands aloft, a huddled giraffe of a building. By the time page sixty-three is reached the hero has begun to investigate Central Park, strolling through the Zoo, and pausing to watch a cavalcade of pupils from a riding school. On page ninety-six is the beginning of an elaborate description of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Here in the Broadway theater district, before the Metropolitan Opera House, we recall scenes from Marion Crawford's "The Prima Donna," Brander Matthews' "The Action and the Word," Thomas Dixon's "The Root of Evil," and a dozen others.

In the waiting room of the old Grand Central Station, a block or so east of Fifth Avenue, we have our first glimpse of Miss Lily Bart, in "The House of Mirth." It was there that Mrs. Wharton's unhappy heroine met Selden, and departed to his bachelor apartment for tea, a perfectly innocent venture that had sad consequences and misinterpretations. Selden's street was probably Forty-ninth or Fiftieth. The time arrives when we see Lily Bart in another environment. Disillusionment and disappointment have come upon her. She is at Fifth Avenue at Forty-first Street, and feels that she can walk no farther. She remembers that in Bryant Park there are seats where she may rest. "She sank down on an empty bench in the glare of an electric street lamp. . . . Night had now closed in and the roar of travel in Forty-second Street was dying out. As complete darkness fell on the Square the lingering occupants of the benches rose and dispersed; but now and then a stray figure stalked across the path where Lily sat, looming black for a moment in the white circle of electric light." The play is nearly done. The moment is at hand for the ringing down of the curtain on the tragedy of Lily Bart, one of the most poignant stories ever written with New York as a background.

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LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

Romance on the Borders of the City

SIX

HAPPY is the visitor of literary tastes who can find the time to explore the city's outlying districts, especially the regions to the north. In that direction lie the Westchester hills and valleys immortalized in Fenimore Cooper's "The Spy"; and "Sunnyside," the last home of Washington Irving, whence he could ramble off to ponder on the "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and where, from the sloping lawn, he could look down on that broad expanse of the Hudson known to the ancient Dutch navigators as the "Tappan Zee," and perceive beyond the first peaks indicating the Catskill range where Rip Van Winkle went to his twenty years sleep. Incidentally, when Irving wrote the immortal story of "Rip Van Winkle" he was living in London, and had never seen the Catskills.

A romantic landmark of the fiction of suburban New York was the quaint inn known as "Laguerre's," which until a very few years ago stood on the banks of the Bronx River, within a stone's throw of the Williamsbridge railroad station. It was the subject of F. Hopkinson Smith's early "A Day at Laguerre's and Others," and a scene of his posthumous novel, "Felix O'Day." Francis H. Smith, Contractor and Lighthouse Builder, probably regarded Laguerre's with stern disfavor as an establishment that led to time-wasting to be deplored by a business man; but F. Hopkinson Smith, the painter, story-teller, frankly adored it. So, when the contracting was laid aside for a time, and brush and palette taken up, it was his habit, in company with some of his painter cronies, to leave the city behind for the diversions of Laguerre's.

In real life Francois Laguerre was Henri Lamaire. Like the hero in the stories he was a maker of *passe-partouts*, or master-keys. Besides his pleasant restaurant on the banks of the Bronx where the food was so good, and the ducks waddled so lazily in the narrow stream, he had a shop on lower Sixth Avenue. As his old hostelry, unique in its mouldiness and charm is gone, probably he, too, has gone. But in the old inn, decay had long preceded the final demolition.

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IN OLD GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

Washington Square and Greenwich Village

THREE

THE claim to be the "Bohemia" of New York has always been divided between Washington Square and Greenwich Village. As a matter of fact, though separated by other sorts of barriers, topographically one merges into the other. Both abound in literary landmarks. In the Village Thomas Paine, of "The Age of Reason," lived; and Poe had various homes; and Fenimore Cooper wrote "The Pioneers," which was the first of the famous "Leather Stocking Tales" to see the light and the fourth of the series if the chronological order be considered. The story of the Village's literary associations is a subject for volumes.

It is the same with the Square. Twenty years ago it was said that an imaginary circle, with its center in the white Arch, and a radius of five or six hundred yards, would hold fully one-half of what was best in the local color of New York fiction. The many new books dealing with the city that the twenty years have brought have not changed conditions in the least. For every novel that has wandered off into the newer city there has been one that has clung close to the vicinity of the Square.

To suggest briefly some of the landmarks. Facing the Square from the north, to the west of Fifth Avenue, is the stately red brick house with white trimmings out of which grew the late Henry James's "Washington Square." Other structures of the aristocratic sweep of the north side have been peopled with imaginary men and women of the pages of O. Henry, Stephen French Whitman, F. Hopkinson Smith, Brander Matthews, Julian Ralph, Leroy Scott, Edward W. Townsend; the list might be continued almost indefinitely.

A block away from the Square is the house where Richard Harding Davis's Van Bibber found his burglar, and which was the scene of the first masquerade ball ever held in New York—a ball involving a strange romance that caused masquerade balls to be for many years forbidden in the city. A few doors from that house is what remains of the old Latin American hotel, introduced by Thomas A. Janvier into fiction under the name of the "Casa Napoleon," and used by William Dean Howells in his "A Hazard of New Fortunes." A block further away is the old Studio Building, which every now and then is reintroduced into fiction, and just across the street from that structure, the old home of the Tile Club, used by Brander Matthews in "The Last Meeting," and by F. Hopkinson Smith in "Colonel Carter of Cartersville." On the east side of the Square is the red Benedick. Robert W. Chambers, who used it as a background in one of his finest tales, "The King in Yellow," is one of many men that have lived in the building and written about it.

The only embarrassment that the Square and the Village have for the visitor in search of literary landmarks is the embarrassment of riches. There are sections in such old-world cities as Paris and London to which the Square and the Village must frankly yield literary precedence. But in the new world the region stands alone.

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LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

Henry Cuyler Bunner and Old Battery Park

TWO

IF it were given to us of the present year of our Lord to visit for a brief span the old Knickerbocker New York of 1830 our steps would not carry much farther north than the present City Hall, and the pleasantest and most profitable hours of all would be those spent in the sunshine of Battery Park. There we would encounter the town fashionables, the belles in crinoline and the beaux in their bell-crowned hats, and study at leisure the men of letters—there were very few women of letters in the New York of 1830—of the period. We should see, among others, Washington Irving, and his various relatives, and Halleck, and Drake, and Morris, and Willis, and Bayard Taylor, and a score more. Of course the exact date is subject to a certain variation equivalent to poetic license.

A literary landmark, existing today, linking the old town with the more recent city, is the quaint structure that faces Battery Park at No. 7 State Street. Thirty years ago, Henry Cuyler Bunner was regarded as being, among the writing men of his day, the one most closely associated with New York City as a literary subject. In such hours as he was not editing *Puck* he was writing "The Midge," a tale of Washington Square and the old South Fifth Avenue, and the study known as "Jersey Street and Jersey Lane." One day he discovered that picturesque structure on State Street and straightway began his most ambitious story of the changing metropolis, "The Story of a New York House."

For a number of years No. 7 State Street has been the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, a protective home for immigrant girls. The building must date from the end of the eighteenth century, for in 1804, the period at which Bunner began his tale,—installing in the dwelling the people of his fancy, and picturing them gathered in the summer evenings on the pillared balcony overlooking the Upper Bay,—the actual occupant of the house was one William van Vredenburgh, who had served under Washington with the rank of Colonel.

Henry Cuyler Bunner was not merely one of the men who interpreted New York in fiction with real affection and distinction, he was also, in his day, one of the city's most picturesque literary figures. In addition to the books already mentioned, he wrote "Short Sixes," and made the remarkable adaption of tales of the French master of the short story, Guy de Maupassant, known as "Made in France." Included in the collection was one story, not by Maupassant at all, but Bunner's own invention. Not a single critic of the time recognized the trick. Bunner was a member of a literary group that included Mark Twain, Laurence Hutton, Julian Hawthorne, Charles Dudley Warner, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

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LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

Edgar Allan Poe in New York

ONE

THERE are two memories that the name of Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849) invoke—the memory of the rare genius that produced such poems as "The Raven," "The Bells," "Ulalume," and "Annabel Lee," and such prose gems as "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," and "The Fall of the House of Usher"; and the memory of a personality at times intemperate, at all times unfortunate. The stories of Poe's genius and his privations were closely associated with New York.

Poe's early life was passed in Richmond, Virginia, as an adopted son of John Allan; at a school in England; at West Point, and the University of Virginia. Then, thrown upon his own resources, he engaged in literary work in Baltimore and Richmond, in the latter city editing *The Southern Literary Messenger*. In 1837, when twenty-eight years old, and accompanied by Virginia, his child wife, he went to New York and took up his residence in the first of his many homes in that city.

It was a very different town in the fourth decade of the nineteenth century from the one that confronts the literary pilgrim of today. Yet there are bits of the old city that remain, fragments of old structures that were once inhabited by great men of the past, and none of them has a more vital appeal than the one that has for years been known as the Poe Cottage at Fordham.

Poe's first homes in New York were in the neighborhood of Greenwich Village and Washington Square. He first went to live at No. 113 Carmine Street, and there finished "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym." Then he lived in Sixth Avenue, near Waverly Place, where he wrote "The Fall of the House of Usher." Other New York homes were in Amity (now West Third) Street; in East Broadway; and the house in Bloomingdale Village, at a spot which is now 84th Street, between Broadway and West End Avenue, which is immortal as the scene of the writing of "The Raven."

The years spent in the Fordham Cottage were the last three of Poe's life. There the dearly beloved Virginia was taken from him, and, heartbroken and solitary, he turned his face towards the end. In Poe's time the Cottage was half buried in fruit trees, and surrounded by a thick grove of pines. A favorite walk of the poet in the "melancholy latter years" was to High Bridge, then far remote from the city's turmoil. After Virginia's death Poe clung pathetically to the little Dutch cottage. Night after night he would arise from his sleepless pillow, and, dressing himself, wander to the grave of his lost one, and, throwing himself down upon the cold ground, weep bitterly for hours at a time. He left the cottage in the early summer of 1849. Before the snows of winter descended he was dead.

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A DAY AT LAGUERRE'S

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

You must stop at the old-fashioned station, within ten minutes of the Harlem River, cross the road, skirt an old garden bound with a fence and bursting with flowers, and so pass on through a bare field to the water's edge, before you catch sight of cosy little houses lining the banks, with garden fences cutting into the water, the arbors covered with tangled vines and the boats crossing back and forth.

I have a love for the out-of-the-way places of the earth when they bristle all over with the quaint and the old and the odd, and are mouldy with the picturesque. But here is an in-the-way place, all sunshine and shimmer, with never a fringe of mould upon it, and yet you lose your heart at a glance.

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This being an old tramping-ground of mine, I have left the station this lovely morning in June, have stopped long enough to twist a bunch of sweet peas through the garden fence, and am standing on the bank waiting for some sign of life at Madam Laguerre's. As there is only the great bridge above, which helps the country road across the little stream, and the little foot-bridge below, and as there is no path or road—all the houses fronting the water,—the Bronx here is really the only highway, and so everybody must needs keep a boat.

There is a quality that one never sees in Nature until she has been rough-handled by man and has outlived the usage. It is the picturesque. This quality comes only after the axe and the saw has let the sunlight into the dense tangle and has scattered the falling timber, or the round of the water-wheel has divided the rush of the brook. It is so here. Some hundred years ago, along this quiet silvery stream were encamped the troop of the struggling colonists, and, later, the great estates of the survivors stretched on each side for miles. Then came the long interval that succeeds that deadly conversion of the once sweet farming lands into that barren waste—suburban property. The conflict that had lasted since the days when the pioneer's axe first rang through the stillness of the forest was nearly over; Nature saw her chance, took courage, and began that regeneration which is exclusively her own. Then came this little group of poor people from the Seine and the Marne and lent a helping hand,—their boats, rude landings, patched-up water-stairs, fences, arbors, and vine-covered cottages unconsciously completing the picture. So Nature having outlived the wrongs of a hundred years has here with busy fingers so woven a web of weed, moss, trailing vine, and low-branching tree, that there is seen a newer and more entrancing quality in her beauty, which, for want of a better term, we call the picturesque.

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If a painter had a life-time to spare, he would grow old and weary before he could paint it all—the willows, hillsides, and winding stream—and yet no two of his compositions need be alike. I have tied my boat under these same willows for ten years past, and I have not yet exhausted one corner of this neglected pasture.

From "A Day at Laguerre's and Other Days."

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A GREAT LAKES NUMBER

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